AN: *Cheese* is back! This is the shortest episode to date, but there's only so much you can do with sand. However, it is just as zany as you would expect it to be!

Cheese

Desert

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK is sat on the sofa, staring into space. Dan and Greg are sat on either side, watching him.)

DAN: Um… TPYMK? What are you doing?

(TPYMK suddenly jolts, snapping out of it.)

TPYMK: Huh? What?

DAN: You've been sitting there for weeks.

TPYMK: I had an overly long daydream.

DAN: Well, it's put our awful show on hiatus. Think of all the fun we could've been missing out on!

GREG: And drinking!

TPYMK: The correct term is "utter despair". We never have fun.

GREG: I do!

TPYMK: Greg, you've drunk yourself to death about a trillion times over. How are you even alive?

GREG: Maybe I'm just a ghost. Or a figment of your imagination which haunts the inner recesses of your mind for all eternity, like an itch that you can't ever scratch.

TPYMK: That was a very constructive response, Greg.

GREG: Response? No – I just sneezed..

(TPYMK rolled his eyes, getting up from the sofa.)

TPYMK: I suppose we'd better get back on track, then. If we're not keeping up with our schedule, then the fans will hate us.

GREG: *What* fans?

TPYMK: Shut up, Greg! I don't need your sarcasm right now!

DAN: I have plenty of adoring fans. Being the most awesome prince who ever lived, it's only fitting that—

TPYMK: Dan, you're not a prince. And you have no fans.

DAN: I do, too! What about that woman who arrived to give me fan mail?

TPYMK: That was you in a dress. It was pathetic, really; I could see you right through the make-up.

DAN: Don't bully me!

(Dan runs off crying, revealing himself to be wearing a pink skirt. TPYMK shakes his head.)

TPYMK: I wonder about that boy sometimes.

GREG: I wonder, too.

TPYMK: About what?

GREG: Beer.

(TPYMK punches Greg in the face, before throwing him to the floor.)

TPYMK: You're both pests! I think it's about time that you two finally understood how worthless you are to society.

GREG: I understand perfectly. If I could give up my life for a heaven filled with alcohol, then I would!

TPYMK: That's your problem. You have no priorities, no ambitions. I mean, where's your sense of self-respect?

GREG: Oh, I lost that years ago in a river. I'm sure it'll wash up one of these days.

TPYMK: I'm going to make sure that you and Dan undergo some serious character building.

GREG: Oh, yeah? And how are you gonna do that?

TPYMK: By—

(*Ding!* The microwave suddenly goes off.)

GREG: Ooh!

(Greg walks over to the microwave. He opens the door and pulls out a pint of beer.)

I like my drinks toasted!

(He sips from his drink.)

TPYMK: As I was saying, I'm going to take you to a place that will teach you how to become better people.

GREG: Where?

Scene Two – Desert

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg stand in the middle of a seemingly endless desert.)

TPYMK: The desert!

(Dan looks around in confusion.)

DAN: We got here pretty quickly.

TPYMK: Ah, the wonders of scene transitions! You'd almost think this is a pathetic script that would never work as a TV show.

GREG: Who the hell would even read it?

DAN: Exactly.

TPYMK: My talents *immensely* exceed yours. I mean, Greg is drinking from a toasted glass and Dan is wearing a kilt!

(Dan makes a petty attempt to cover his skirt with his hands, looking embarrassed.)

DAN: It's a skirt!

TPYMK: Ah – so you admit it!

DAN: But… but…

TPYMK: It's okay, Dan. We'll drain the female urges out of you – even if we have to dangle you upside down from your ankles.

(Dan looks around the desert.)

DAN: Well, there's nothing to dangle me from here.

TPYMK: Yes – it is a bit… *sandy*, isn't it?

DAN: Well, duh! It's not gonna be banana-y, is it?

(A lion cub suddenly strides into the scene, staring angrily at Dan.)

HAIBA: Hey! That was *my* line!

DAN: Aren't you that—

(Haiba punches Dan in the crotch, before storming off. He collapses to the ground in pain.)

I think something's burst…

TPYMK: This is no time for inexplicable cameos – we have to build character! Greg, kick Dan.

(Greg kicks Dan in the face.)

DAN: *Ow!*

GREG: Heh-heh – I like this character building already!

TPYMK: Good. Now, Dan, kick Greg.

(Dan jumps up and kicks Greg in the face.)

GREG: *Hey!*

TPYMK: Excellent. Now you both understand each other's pain.

GREG: How come *you* don't have to get hurt?

TPYMK: Because I am your teacher – and no one hits a teacher.

GREG: We'll see about that…

(Dan fans himself with his hand.)

DAN: Is it hot out here or is it just me?

TPYMK: Dan, you're about as hot as a slug.

GREG: *Very* hot, then!

(TPYMK stares at him.)

TPYMK: You scare me.

(Greg smiles.)

GREG: I know.

(TPYMK points in a random direction.)

TPYMK: Let's head in this direction. Hopefully, we can find a ditch of some sort to set up camp.

DAN: How long do you think we'll be walking for?

TPYMK: Oh, only a few thousand miles or so. Nothing much.

(Dan looks ready to have a breakdown.)

Come on! Maybe we'll find a café, too!

Two Hours Later…

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are trekking through the sandy desert. Dan has taken off his skirt and is wearing it around his head like a turban.)

DAN: A royal prince doesn't deserve this… I've had to discard my royal garments in order to keep cool.

TPYMK: And now you really *do* look like a child of the desert! You're learning a lot today, Dan. A lot indeed!

DAN: I swear to God, you are dead when we get home.

TPYMK: Dan, you either do as I say, or I won't let you live in my apartment any longer. The same goes for you, too, Greg.

DAN: But then you won't have any friends!

TPYMK: I don't need pansies like you. The sooner you die, the better.

GREG: I'm getting dehydrated… I need alcohol.

TPYMK: That doesn't make any sense. Wouldn't some water be more appropriate?

(Greg gags.)

GREG: Don't mention the 'W' word around me!

TPYMK: Just keep moving. We'll have our camp set up by the afternoon!

Four Days Later…

(TPYMK, Greg and Dan sit in a ditch.)

DAN: So, this is camp, is it? No tent? No equipment? *Nothing*?

TPYMK: Yep! Isn't it great! It really feels like we're out in the wild!

DAN: But we're not in the wild! We're in the desert!

TPYMK: Dan?

DAN: What?

(TPYMK pulls out an axe and cuts Dan's head off. It rolls away into the sand.)

TPYMK: Right. That takes care of him.

(Greg stares in bewilderment.)

GREG: Either I'm drunk, or I'm *really* drunk.

(Dan's severed head calls out from in the sand.)

DAN: Hey! Head in need of a body over here!

(Dan's body starts stands up, stumbling around, as if confused.)

GREG: I'm *definitely* really drunk. Probably high, too.

(Dan's body crawls around on the floor, searching for Dan's head.)

DAN: You're getting warmer!

(Dan's body picks up his severed head.)

There we go!

(His body places the head back on, twisting it into place.)

TPYMK: Happy now?

DAN: Much better.

TPYMK: Good.

(TPYMK cuts his head off with the axe again.)

DAN: *Damn it!*

Nine Years Later…

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg sit down in the ditch. Greg fills his empty pint glass up with sand, before drinking it all in one gulp.)

TPYMK: How long have we been here now?

GREG: About six minutes.

TPYMK: Oh. Thought it was seven.

DAN: I'm starving.

TPYMK: It's decision-making time, then. Which one of us are we going to eat first?

GREG: I vote myself. I mean, there's plenty of alcohol in there. I'm hardly going to starve!

TPYMK: Greg, this is serious! Well, I'm not eating you, since you're a sad, unemployable, alcoholic wretch – and I'm not eating Dan because I don't like him very much.

DAN: Oh, thanks.

TPYMK: No problem!

DAN: We're going to die out here.

TPYMK: That's the sad truth of it all.

DAN: Hey – wait a second! Why don't you just use your "magical screenwriting powers" to take us back home?

TPYMK: Dan, there's a very simple answer to that question.

DAN: Which is?

TPYMK: Because the plot says so.

(Greg stumbles to his feet, walking off.)

Greg – where are you going?

GREG: Don't you see it?

TPYMK: See what?

GREG: The Holy Grail! The light at the end of tunnel! The end of the rainbow!

DAN: What the hell is he talking about?

(Greg points to something invisible in front of him.)

GREG: It's a giant bottle of beer!

(He hugs the invisible object.)

It's okay, baby – Greggie's got you.

TPYMK: "*Greggie*"?

DAN: It must be a mirage.

TPYMK: Yes, thank you, Captain Obvious.

(Dan scowls at him. There is a long pause between them.)

DAN: I'm missing so many things now. Like—

TPYMK: Buying your next Disney Princess outfit? What the hell's next? A Nala costume?

DAN: I'm going to kill you in a minute.

TPYMK: Sure you are.

(Greg hurries over to them.)

GREG: Hey, guys – I've just remembered something!

TPYMK: That you're utterly pathetic?

GREG: No!

(Greg pulls something out of his pocket.)

I've got a phone!

(He has indeed. Although it's a landline phone.)

TPYMK: How did you fit all that in there?

GREG: There's always plenty of space.

DAN: Well, that's great – we can call for help!

GREG: It's only good for one call, though.

TPYMK: Make it snappy, then!

GREG: Right.

(Greg picks up the receiver and dials a number.)

DAN: Who are you calling? A heroic rescue team?

GREG: You'll see. They're the best.

(Greg waits a moment. Someone on the other end of the phone picks up.)

Hello? Is that Guinness? Yes – I'd like a large crate of your finest beer please… I'm in the middle of the desert… Air mail will do nicely, yes… Okay! Thank you! Bye!

(Greg hangs up. TPYMK and Dan gawk at Greg in disbelief.)

What? Why are you looking at me like that for?

TPYMK: You spent… our only call… on *more beer?*

GREG: Well, *duh!* It should arrive in a few weeks or so.

TPYMK: Well, I've got something that's arriving right now.

GREG: Oh, really? What's that?

TPYMK: *Your severed head on a platter!*

(TPYMK picks up his axe and cuts off Greg's head.)

The End

AN: This one was pretty violent. I quite enjoy cutting off heads! Only in a fictional sense, of course. I'm actually very nice in real life – or am I? Ha-ha-ha!